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ADVERTISER PARTICIPATING UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS WRITER

ОК PROGRAM TITLE NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR # 190

CHICAGO OUTLET WMAQ (12:30-1:30 PM)

(MARCH 13, 1936)

(FRIDAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

C-PRO 95



AM OUNCER: "ULCI Seni' For the Bes"

OPCHESTRA: QUARTET: RAIGER SOME

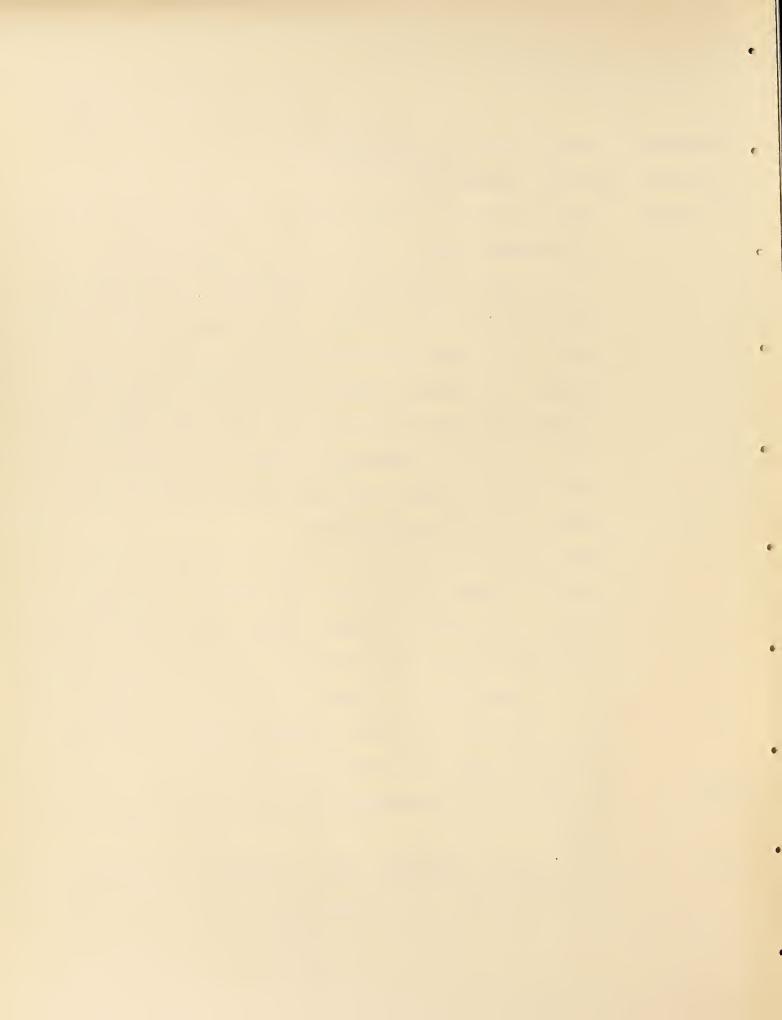
ANTOINCER: Today se're going to or to listen in ... In on one of Tange lim Robbins' stories. Every now and then, you know, so confine follow manned Winding Grast drop in at the Pine dime Range: Stories of an evening, and get Range: Jim to fill every or two about the guardiers of our great Mational Porcets — he Rangers whose old jon it is to manage and protect the forests that cover our vital naturaleds, the harbor such of our remaining wildlife, that give us on great outdoor playgrounds, and contribute in many other great outdoor playgrounds, and contribute in many other

-ays to our continuing welfare.

Assistant Ranger Jerry Queez - are there at the Ranger Station - and there's several friends that dropped in: Mary Hallowar, the school tracher, and little Billy who was to be a renger than he grows up, and not tracher folio. There's a cheerful, creckling, fire going in the fire place, and -- all right, here is a re-

MARY Mr. Robbins, you promised to tell us a story tonight, tonight, know.

JIM: Did I, Mary? (CHUCKLES) Well, I s'pos I'll have to get the old thinking cap on them, huh?



TERRY

Youl, tell as about some of the early days in the Forest Service.

JIM:

The controlers with - year, Jappy some of it its

Runners had some prekk bomps sing remove to the old date

When you're at item yours at against the four of odds

You he give no an areal - the times of projection that

was not of our forests - and pone through fire and

when for that items the obserption a life-time, the

you know gets hader your stime -- I had a letter the

other day from Jone Pully --

TERRY

Gone Tolly? Whole held

JIH!

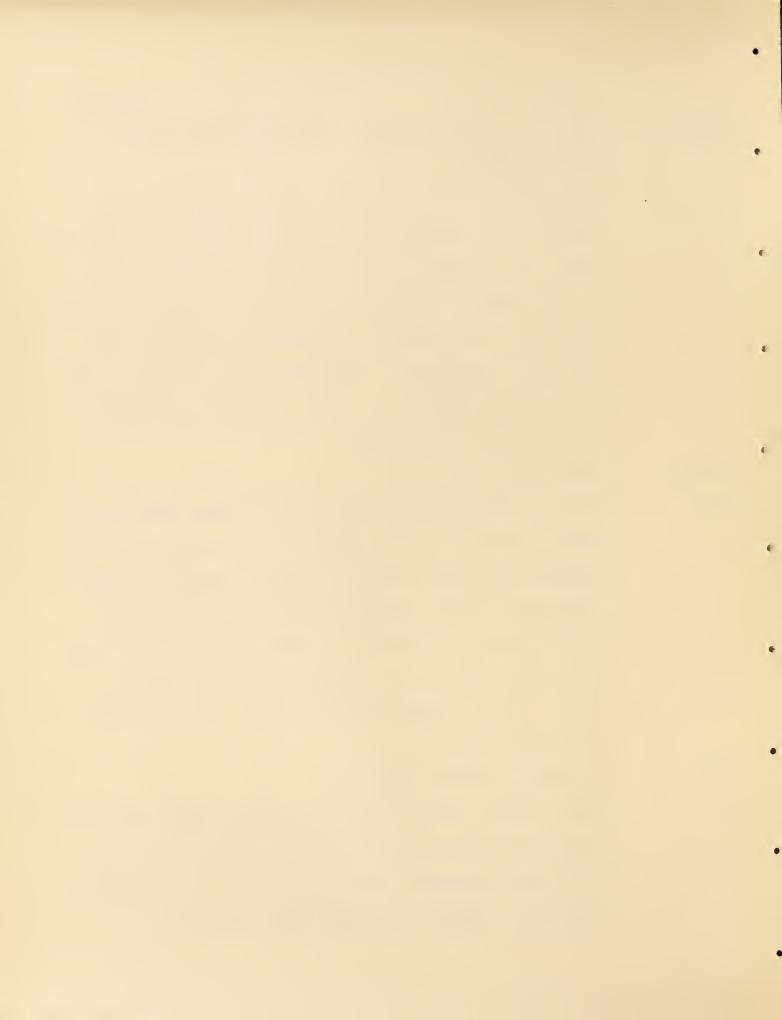
The same of the second of the state of the second of the s

EESS.

And Rangers' Tives, too, Jim.

III .

That's right. Boss. A lot of us Rangers sould're had a naid time doing the job without our mives to help us. Many a time a Ranger's wife has pions hit for him in to emergency. Resembly the time, Else, when you ---



BESS: Oh, Jim, let's not talk about that.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) All right. Anyway, Bess has been just as

loyal to the job as if she was a Ranger herself.

MARY: Oh, I know she has, Mr. Robbins. -- But remember, you're

going to tell us a story.

JIM: Yes? Well now, let's see. -- Did I ever well you about

Graham McConnell?

JERRY: Let's have it, Jim.

JIM: Well, -- you've heard yarns about cats with rine lives,

that all ays came back, no matter where you took 'om --

but I reckon it buld have taken all of a cat's nine

lives and ther some to get through the kind of an Idaho

blizzard that Graham McConnell got into. It was one

hundinger of a storm -- I'll tell you more about it

pretty quick, but anyhow it nearly cost Ranger McConnell

his life when he got lost in it.

JERRY: A Forest Ranger lost?

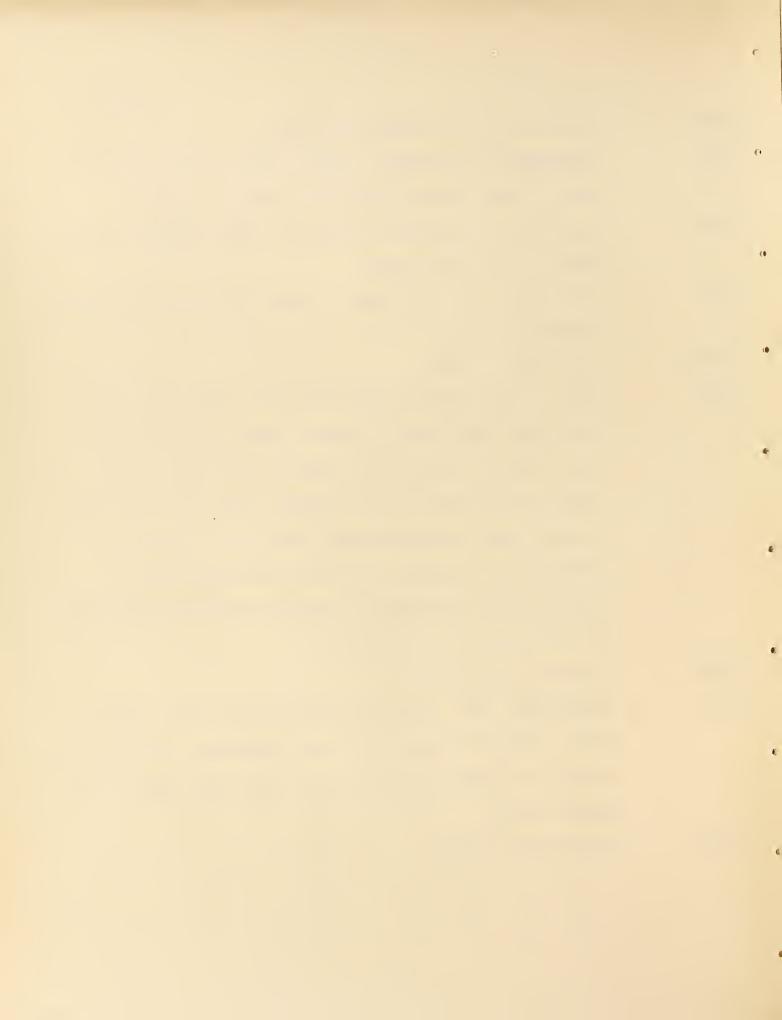
JIM: (CHUCKLES) Yep. Even Forest Rangers get lost now and

then. Anybody's apt to get lost sometimes. The important

thing is to keep your head and do the right thing if you

do get lost.

JERRY: Yeah, that's right.



JIM:

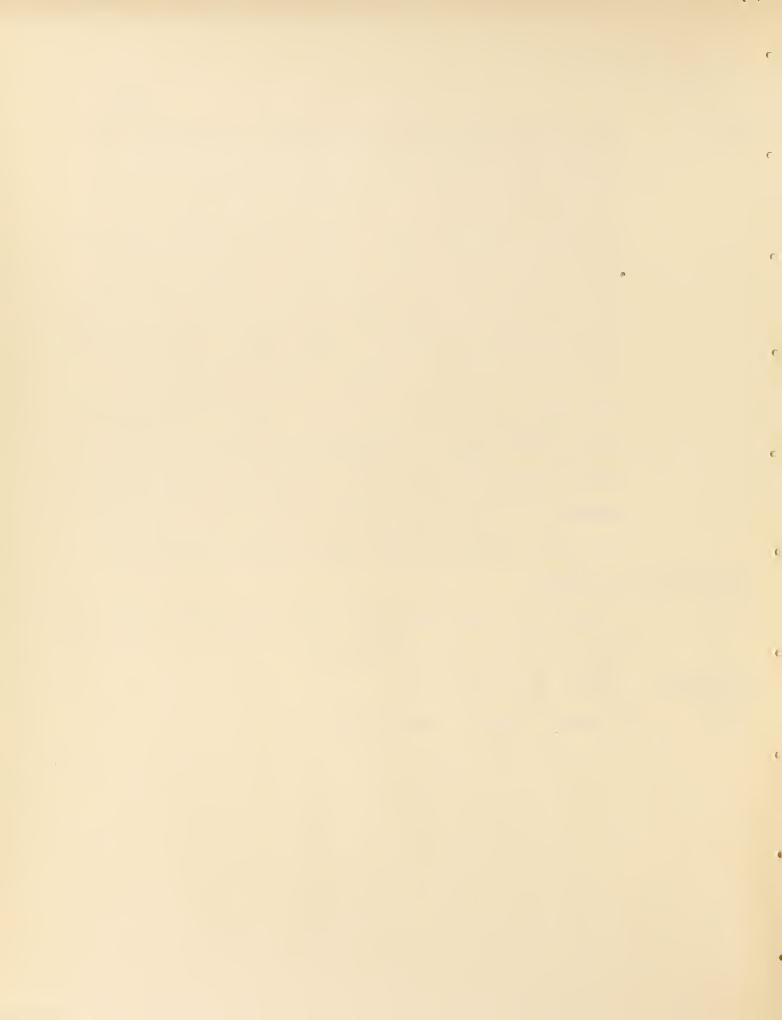
District in mentral Idaho -- me of the rost remote and innecessible regions of the stat in most days -- and in still is. Noternall on a helper were actiqued to only a new ranger station at the junction of Markl. Creek and the middle fork of the Salmon River, way back in the set Thunder Mountain Country. -- Well, inter came on before truly got the station limited, so they holed up these and stayed on to finish the job. -- There they were, 80 miles from Caucade, the nearest post office, and with a thin, fragile telephone wire, subject to sind and storm damage, as their only link to civilization. -- One day, they not a telephone call from the Supervisor's office --

FADEOUT FOR FLASHBACK)

VOICE: (FADING 1F) Hey, McConnell -- Hey, McConnell -- the boss

MCCONNELL: (OFF) Lat's he want?

VOICE: I dun lo. Wants to talk to yuh.



McCONNELL: (COMING UP) All right. -- (TO PHONE) Hello -- Yeah, hello, Chief. -- Hum, then? -- Yeah, I can make it all right. -- Yeah, sure. -- Let's see, what day's today? -- Yeah that's right. Tell the boys at Cascade I'll be pulling in their Thursday night. -- Yeah, Snor's deep but it aim's bad gring. I can make it all right. -- All right, Chief. So long.

VOICE: What's up, Mac ?

McCONFELL: I got orders to attend a Rangers' meeting at Boise, Shorty.

VOICE: The so? When yub leavin'?

UCCONNELD: I'l have to be pulling out first thing in the morning

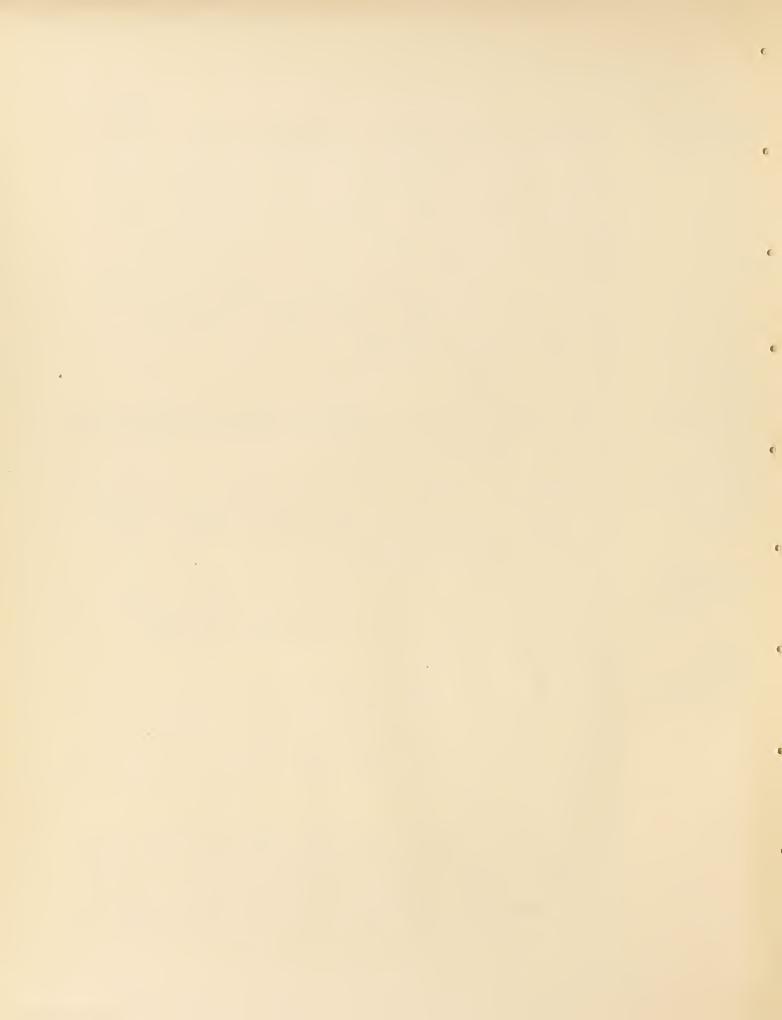
VOICE: That's a long trip to take on foot, Mack. You'll afta use the rebs the hole say.

McCONTELL: 'Twon's be so bad, Shorty. I'll be hitting anger station each night, see? It orks out just right.

VOICE: eah, that's right, too.

Shorty, but I'm sure glad I've got this chance to go in that cases are I'll get to spend the Christmas holidays with the family - see?

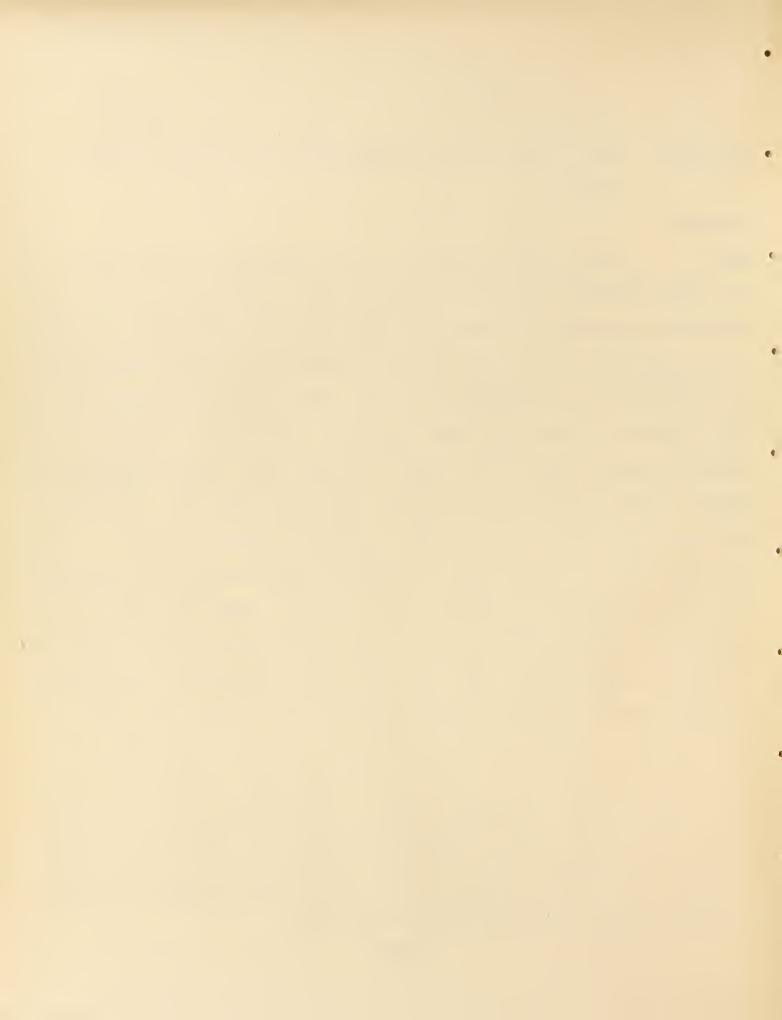
VOICE: Sar, that il he shell, won't it? - Don't you mad about me, Mack. I the in along all right up here I betche I'll have the job all done by the sine you get lack.



• McCONNELL: Okay, Shorty. I'll be leaving yeh before son-up in the morning.

(FADEOUT)

Well, a jaunt like that shrough mountainous country would JIM: be a pretty hazardous thing for the average man, but McConnell was an experienced woodsman, and didn't think much about it, till about noon theo he turned up Pistol Creek it had started enowing and the snow was get ing so blinding that it obliterated the trial. All he had to guide him was that telephone line that ran along the trail. About dark he reached a deserted trapper's valin, so he spent the night there. Before daylight though, he was battling difficult going along the trail again. At the tatin he'd found as old pair of skiis. McConnell hadn't had much - nervenue to a server be the result make be er time with the BE Be sommaned his should and put 'en on. They did make it a little faster going down grade but not so good up-grade, so less in the afterno a ne abandoned his telephone line route and attempted a shor -cut He tabagh he was tollowing Johnson Creek and kept on going till long afr light all Then it dawned on him that he was hopeless! lost He'd come plumb smack into a rocky bluff in the dark. - Well he say ? and go a fire started in the lee of the toulders and made himself as confortable as he could. The fire was just for warmth; he d already run out of food, seein' as he'd expected to stop at ranger stations and hadn't packed much of any.

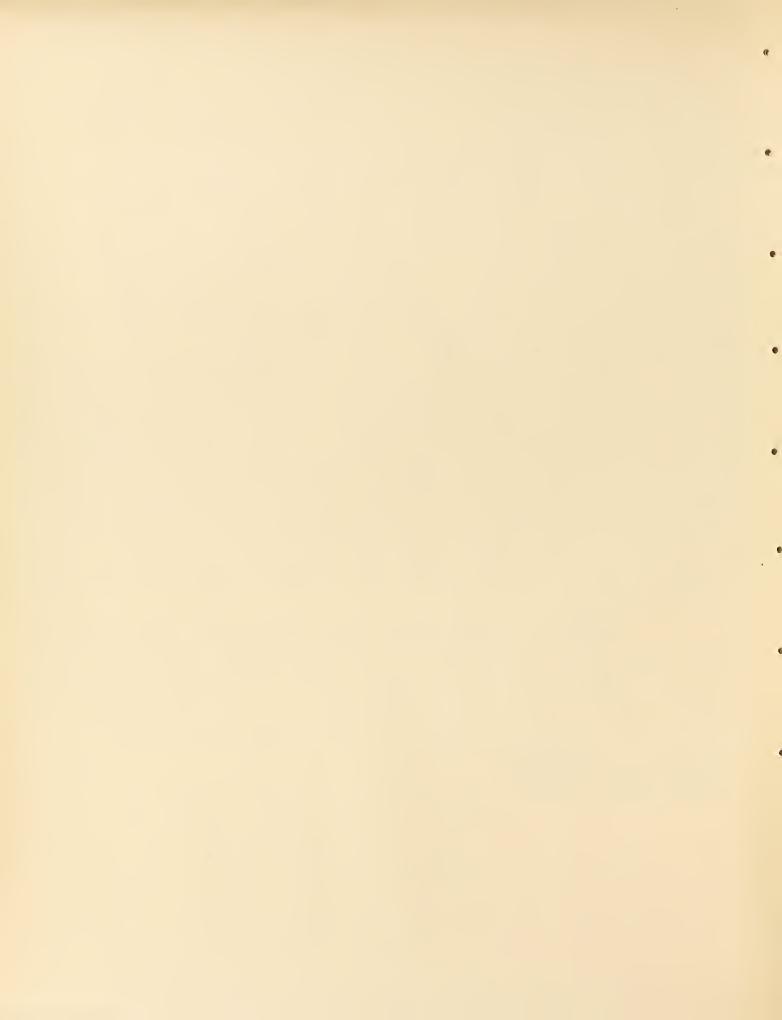


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The Bottomer Called Control of the C

Memoritis, Service Mytheretti in 1970 in 1970

TABLES SOUND OF STREET



MCCONNELL: (WEAKLY = MUTTERING TO SELF) Gotta keep goin' == Goots

keep == goin' == Uh == Fell over something == Guess == I'T. -
rest awhile == You can't rest == McConnell == Get up ==

If I == don't == get up == I'm a gonner == Gotta keep

join' == Cotta == Keep == Hey == I can't seem to == see

anything == What's this == Fence == it's a fence == Penn

Racin == Ranger Station == Hold onto == the fence ==

McContell == Hold onto it == Keep goin' == I == gotta

keep goin' == (SOUND OF STORM UP) There it is == It's

the == Ranger Station == You'll make it == McConnell ==

Keep goin' == (CALLS, WEAKLY) Hey == open the door ==

(WEAK POUNDING ON DOOR) ==

(SCUND OF DOOR OPENING VOICES UP)

McCONNELL: (WEAKLY) Hello folks -- I made it --

VOICE: It's Ranger McCouncil! -- By George, I never thought I'd see him alive again -- Yes sir, you made it, Mack.

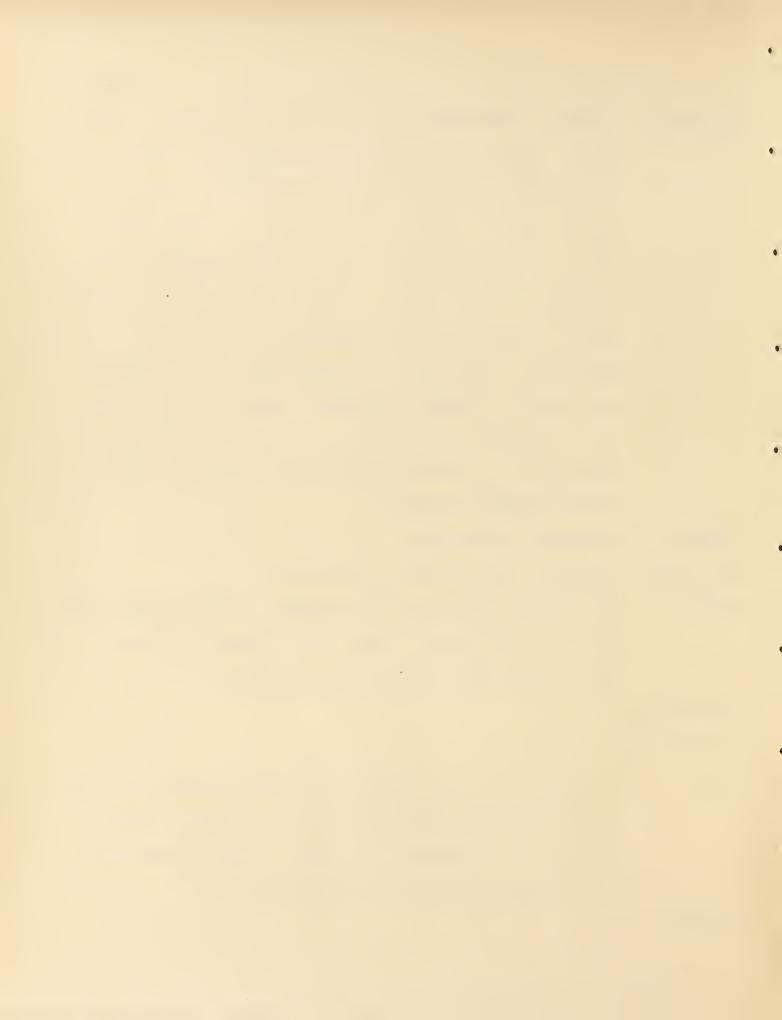
Here help me it! him; he's passed out --

(FADEOUT)

(FADEIN JIM)

JIN. So Range: McConnell stumbled and slumped unrough the door of the Penn Basin Ranger Station after what I recken was one of the hardest and longest fights any man ever put up against wind and show and storm --

(PAUSE)



MARY: What nappened to him after that, Mr. Robbins?

JIM: After that? (CHUCKLES) Why, he attended the Ranger

meeting at Boise -- that's what he'd some for

(FADEOUT - MUSIC)

ANNOUNCER: Uncle San's Forest Rangers is presented by the National

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States Forest Service.

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